

HINGS FOR CAMPERS.

TO SHELTER YOURSELF WHEN  
"IN THE OPEN."Awkward Things to Transport,  
They Have Their Advantages Too.  
Build a Bark House—A ThatchedSpecial Correspondence.]  
July 7.—He who goes into the woods to enjoy camp life will, if he be a good boy, look forward with pleasure to his call, in that slant of the camp picked up, and in which the most of us take delight, "sleeping in a wigwam." This means rolling one's blankets, with a rubber blanket spread out beneath and resting with a studded vault for canopy." No boy rather, was greener than was I when I first went into the woods, and I knew not what to do. Now sleeping in the open air is far more enjoyable in man in practice, and the first rain.


Now take sticks and lash them across the side poles three feet apart. Put your sheets of bark against them and flatten these down with other cross sticks, which you also lash into place. The object of these sticks is to keep the bark flat as well as to keep it in place.

One long sheet of bark is placed over the ends of the side poles and along the ridge pole as a capping sheet and is secured with plenty of wattle. The rear of the wigwam is closed with upright poles driven into the ground and lashed to the end side poles with sheets of bark between them like boards. It may easily be that birch bark cannot be obtained, in which case that of any other tree will do, the best being the fir. But all bark houses are built on these general lines, and any modifications of the methods made necessary by the materials can be easily met by a little ingenuity.

If no bark is obtainable you must thatch your wigwam, and thatching is easy work. Put up the frame as before, but lash light rods or canes across the side poles on the under side and about four inches apart. As good material for thatching as any may be found in the nearest bed of rushes. Pull any quantity of these, cut off the roots, take a good handful, and bending them so that one end shall be two-thirds of the whole length, slip them over one of the cross sticks, with the longer end outside. The shorter end inside must be bent up so as to rest above the next stick below. Then take long willow withies or split canes and weave one of them over the outside thatch and under the side poles. This sounds complicated, but the operation is, in point of fact, very easy, and a man can thatch the side of a wigwam in three hours without much trouble. Personally I think it less trouble to thatch than to cover with bark when the work of procuring the materials is taken into consideration. Of course you begin your thatch at the bottom.

Broadly speaking, the tent is the only home for the plains. The bark wigwam may be built in the northern woods and the thatched in the southern.

A word as to locations of camps is in place when one speaks of homes in the woods. Never pitch a tent or build a wigwam at the base of a hill. If you do you will find that water still runs downward. Don't build on the side of a hill or on a flat bench. Always build on the top of some rise in the ground, be it even so slight. An



Such a "dainty dot" husband will be easily satisfied with his meals. He will hardly know what he is eating. You can get nothing "out of him" by giving him a dainty dish. He may even offend you by scant praise, when you happen to have prepared a dish with your own hands. It may even happen—if other graphological signs agree—that such a "dainty dotter" forgets his meal times altogether, allowing everything to get cold, does not eat, nor praise, nor blame, and spoils the pleasures of the table for himself and others.—*Edelweiss in Von Fels zum Meer.*

**Reading by Moonlight.**  
Reading novels at midnight by the light of the moon is not known in the United States, but according to the English wife of Sig. Gregorio Reynaldo, of Guatemala, it is an uncommon thing to see a senorita reclining in a hammock with a book in her hand on her father's veranda in the Costa Rica district, Guatemala, between 12 and 1 o'clock in the morning. Sig. Reynaldo is a wealthy coffee planter, and is in this country, accompanied by his wife and sister-in-law, on a pleasure trip. The travelers are registered at the Grand Pacific hotel.

"There are no moonlight nights in this country or in England like we have in Guatemala," said the Spanish planter's wife. "The moon at certain periods of the month is so bright that it is as light outdoors as during the day. English and American poets write about the sublime August moon, etc. They should see a moon in Guatemala during the time it is full. They would then have something to go into ecstasies about."—Chicago Tribune.

**A Peculiarity of the Schoolboy.**  
A peculiarity of the schoolboy mind is to put things negatively. As for example, a boy was asked to write a short essay on pins by way of an exercise in composition, and produced the following:

"Pins are very useful. They have saved the lives of a great many men, women and children—in fact, whole families."

"How so?" asked the puzzled inspector, on reading this.

"Why, by not swallowing them," was the immediate reply.

On the same line was the essay of another schoolboy on the subject of salt, which he described as "the stuff that makes potatoes taste bad when you don't put it on."—London Tit-Bits.

**Sanitary Intelligences.**  
Teacher—You must not come to school any more, Tommy, until your mother has recovered from the smallpox.

Tommy—There ain't a bit of danger. She ain't going to give me the smallpox.

"Why, how is that?"  
"She's my stepmother. She never gives me anything."—Texas Siftings.

**Had Waited Before.**  
"Are you ready, Emma?" John called.  
"Yes, I'll be there in a minute; I've only my bonnet to put on."

"All right. I'll have time to shave before we go."—Harper's Bazaar.

ANNIE ISABEL WILLIS.

## THE DOT ON THE I.

Character Reading from the Insignia  
Mark Over a Small Letter.

"Do you put the dot high above the letter? Do you put it close to the letter? Do you send it flying before? Is it fat, round, irregular? These are the questions which a master in the art of deciphering character from handwriting asks. In each case your peculiarity is the outward and visible sign of some idiosyncrasy. Look at the dots of your i, try to make them different—smaller, larger, rounder, more oblong—you cannot do it. The dot above the i only changes with your character.

If you often forget to dot your i, you will also forget other things which seem unimportant to you, but which for the comfort of everyday life are as necessary as the dot is to the i. If you have often to look in vain for the dot, you will also look often in vain for other things, because you have not put them in their proper place. For instance, if you put the fifth knitting needle into your book because you were suddenly called away, and no better bookmark was at hand, you are anxious to finish your sock—where is the fifth needle? The servant girl must have mislaid it while dusting. Servants are such a trouble!

In order to practice patience and self control you knit on with your four needles, "gently pardoning," and presently turn back to your interesting novel. The book opens immediately, and then and then the glittering needle preaches a silent sermon to you. The knitting needle story is nothing new; it occurs in infinite variations, and happens especially to those who forget to dot their i.

If the dot flies high above and far away from the letter to which it belongs your hopes, thoughts, wishes and aspirations are apt to fly about in far off regions, and instead of making practical use of the present day you dream of the ideals of the future. If this "high flown" dot is of an oblong shape, and if, in conjunction with it, the loops of your i, h, g, f, etc., are loose and long, then godby symmetry and calm, for you have very little self control.

If your husband's dots are heavy, shapeless and blotchy you will have a hard time of it where food is concerned. He will not be satisfied with a cold supper, an aesthetic tea, or a meal of beef and vegetables. On the other hand, you have in his favorite dishes a means to pacify the grumbler, and to incline him to listen to your wishes.

Your request for a new gown, for after tickets, which was peremptorily refused before dinner, is listened to with much more interest after the man of the heavy dots has had a good meal. Never ask such a man to grant you a favor when he is waiting for his dinner. The larger the dots appear, the more critically a dish will be attacked and judged. Carlsbad, during the time when the patients go to drink the waters, is full of people who dot their i's heavily.

The dainty dot, on the other hand, if it goes together with a handwriting that consists of dots, denotes a

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**An Old Cure for Diphtheria.**  
The most successful cure for diphtheria is one of the old woman remedies left over from the last century. Medical science can't tell why it is good, but the fact remains that it cures as many people as drugs do. All the paraphernalia needed is a basin, some hot water and a good sized funnel. The basin must be filled three-quarters full with very hot water—as hot as can be secured—boiling.

—Washington Star

AFTER ALL.

The love is now. She kneels beside my bed.

Her precious kisses bluns my hands, my brow;

There is no shame in such a passion now.

For I am dead.

The blinds are drawn, a cross is at my head,

Through the window, just two inches

raised.

There are all sweets that ever birds have

praised.

But I am dead.

My life is all forgiven; with faltering tone

I say, "I least looked for, finds some good."

And all is kind, as on a child's birthday.

No faults are known.

With streaming eyes, and piteous bent head,

She comes too late. Not even that word is said.

I did not know; I do not wish I had.

Now I am dead.

I cannot answer to her agony;

In this great space of peace it makes no stir.

And in good time the Lord will comfort her.

Who comforts me.

—W. St. Leger in Black and White.

Governmental Cemeteries.

It costs the United States about sixty cents a month to take care of a dead soldier who lost his life in the service of the Union.

The sundry civil bill passed by congress appropriated \$100,000 for expenses of the national cemeteries during the fiscal year.

This was the sum of \$76,000 set aside for salaries of superintendents of these burying grounds, and there were also some odds and ends, amounting to several thousand dollars, for supplying headstones where they were lacking, and so forth.

The government takes charge of all these cemeteries, which are under the direct control of the quartermaster general of the army. There are eighty-two of them, in all, including an aggregate of 327,000 burials. The smallest of the burying grounds is at Ball's Bluff, where twenty-five Federal warriors are interred, only one of them identified. The next smallest is the old battle ground on Seventh street in this city. It would be much cheaper to remove the bodies resting at both these places to other locations, but sentiment accords to them a claim to remain where they fell in brave fight.

So, although only forty-three are buried at the battle ground, a superintendent is maintained there in charge at a salary of sixty dollars a month and with a house free for his occupancy. The superintendents, as decreed by law, are all disabled veterans, none others being eligible for the positions, and their pay is, according to the size of the cemeteries they have charge of, sixty, sixty-five, seventy and seventy-five dollars a month. Thus they are divided into four classes.

—Washington Star

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